

THE SECOND
A D V I C E
TO THE
PAINTER.

1679.

Now Painter try if thy skil'd hand can draw,
The horrid'st Scene the trembling world ere saw;
Wipe all the Pencills that the former drew,
In dismal colours dip 'um all anew;
Colours that may in lively parts express
The plotted fall of *Monarchs* in a dress:
May fright the World from Crimes we can't atone,
With our best bloods, and Christians blush to own:
But let me first advise you ere you take
This work in hand, a small reflection make
On all that's hainous; *Murthers, Treasons, Fires,*
Deaths in all shapes, and *rapines*, hot desires:
Of *Murthering Kings* I tremble to rehearse,
A tottering world and sinking Universe:
Think well on these ere you begin your part
'Twill heighten fancy, and affect your heart:
In th' upper part of all the Canvas, paint
His *Holyneſs* the *Pope*, that mighty Saint,
Old Sathan his associate too muſt ſtand
Behind his chair to guide his heart and hand;
Draw him ſtuck round with all the toys that come
From the grand Mint of lies, old foppish *Rome*:
Bulls, Dispensations, Pardons, all the baits
He lays for the dull crow'd; the *Book of rates*
Will be convenient too, that every ſin
The value may be known, pray cram that in:
Draw him diſperſing with a bounteous hand
For horrid ends the treaſure of his Land;

A

Diſpenſing

To the KING.

Welcome great Prince, to Life agen, at least,
 welcom from dangers, which we hope are ceast,
 Dangers which lately hover'd o're your head,
 Threatning to strike your rising Glory dead;
 The Cloud's blown over, and the mists away
 Portend the rising of a glorious day?
 May still your Sacred Majesty give Law
 To all your Kingdoms, keeping them in aw,
 May your bright Crown, as beauteous rays disperse,
 As any Monarchs of the Universe.

hand signed **FINIS.**
